

stacked and Confederate paroles were given, and the stars and bars fell before the old flag. I remember that with fierce fury those who surrendered at last, fought throughout a four years' desperate effort to shatter into fragments that benighted Government under which, for three-quarters of a century, they had enjoyed prosperity and protection. I remember all that was done and suffered and sacrificed before, through countless discouragements and reverses, treason's plot was trampled down and the glorious ending was reached. And in spirit I follow victors and vanquished from the scene of conflict, I think that never was nation more gratuitously or more foully assailed, and never did nation owe a deeper debt of gratitude and goodwill.

Then I ask myself a great question. Shall these soldiers of liberty, returning from fields of death to Northern fields of labor and of peaceful contest—of contest in which the ballot is the only weapon, and the bulletin of defeat or victory is contained in the election returns—shall these veterans, who have never flinched before military force, be overborne, with their laurels still green, by political strategists? Their weapons of war laid aside, is the reward of these conquerors to that man for whom they shall be entitled to one-third as much influence in administering their country's Government as the opponents they conquered? Are the victors on fields of death to become the vanquished in the Halls of Legislation?

It is a question which the nation cannot fail, ere long, to ask itself, and who can doubt what the ultimate answer will be?

May God, who, throughout the great crisis of our nation's history, overruling evil for good, has caused the wrath of man to work out his own gracious ends—directing us, without our will or agency, in paths of justice and of victory which our human wisdom was too feeble to discover—direct you also, through the arduous task before you, to the Just and the Right!

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

New York, June 21, 1865.

A RAOY SPEECH.

LONDON, June 17, 1865.
There is very little, of any interest, pertinent to American affairs transpiring here, just now. We still keep up an intermittent discussion about the fate of Jeff. Davis, duly interspersed with what Mr. Carlyle used to denigrate as a "running riot" as to the atrocity of manning him, of feeling him on his knees, of making him a prisoner, and so forth. But I am not aware that anything particularly novel, or valuable, or amusing has been evolved therefrom. Stop! I am reminded of a curious letter which has appeared in *The Star*, advocating the American view of the question, and so following out the modern instances on record against the British Government in the matter of its behavior toward traitors, real and imaginary, that I must quote, though doing so at the beginning of a letter, coupled with the declaration I set out with, may look suspicious. I think, however, I should do the same if my budget were amply full (as it has been of late) instead of proportionately scanty. The writer is Mr. J. P. Cobbett, the son, I am told, of the famous William, and evidently emulating his father's wholesome democratic proclivities. He is worthy of the space I shall accord to him:

"The history of the United States has shown that, in point of humanity, the Americans are about the same sort of people as the British. To suppose a want of that quality in them by speeches in our Parliament, and violence in our press, can be of no service to individuals in peril, and will to a certainty add to that of mischief which has already been made between the two countries.

Law, justice and equity (taking the last of these in an honest sense) are the three things which our Government, in scores of cases, has had to consider. What, as to either of these, have we to say, why the American Government should not now be 'let alone'? Our advocates of a 'highly conservative policy' perceive the necessity of condemning the ways of the Stuarts. They admit it to have been outrageous to force Sir Archibald Johnston out of France, and Miles Corbett, Col. Okey, and Col. Barksdale out of Holland, and to execute these. They have no excuse for Charles the Second's attempt to kill Ludlow in Switzerland, or for the actual killing of Lisle at Louan. No; but then they draw their line at the end of our civil wars, between all the past admitted severities and a supposed new era of nothing but tenderness!

But, sir, what of the hanging of Governor Wall, and what of the shooting of Admiral Byng? What of the international act of dragging home Napper Tandy, to send him to the scaffold? What of the inhuman treatment of Mr. Muir and his companions in suffering, and Pitt's endeavor against the lives of Tooke and Hardy? Washington was called murderer by thousands of pens and tongues, for hanging of Major Andre; but how absurdly right was a deed like that when compared with the hanging of the poor sailor Cushman in 1817, and the transporting of the Dorchester laborers, and the execution of Henry Cook of Hampshire, in 1831; or, again, the putting to death of those sailors who were unlawfully taken from the American ship *Chesapeake*!

Why, an impartial spectator, viewing many things we do, and hearing all we pretend to, might not unnaturally regard us as combining more of the sanguinary along with the hypocritical than any other nation tolerated by Providence. We have a late year been not only most severe punishers of State criminals, but even the promoters of crime for the purpose of obtaining victims to make example of. You may remember that instance so worthy of renown, in which Lord Brougham volunteered his justification of the employment of spies for the hatching of treasons. We are so vastly liberal, too, in this kind of work that (if recent correspondence between two Ministers of the Russian Government had any truth in it) those Ministers had reason to congratulate themselves on the fact that our Government were undertaking to use our police in the office of detecting and betraying foreign political conspiracies.

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Hence, half of John Bull's professions towards us and others, I well believe are wonderfully pertinent to the subject:

"Of all the men that I can call to mind, England does make the most unpleasant kind. 'Tis you're the sinners, all, she's the saint. 'Tis you're good all English, all that isn't! And if you don't read Scripture, you must. She's praised herself until she fairly thinks light on her right to stare at us. Hain't she the Ten Commandments in her paws? She'll like other mortals, that's a fact! No nearer stopped the Habeas Corpus Act. Nor spite payments, nor she never yet. Cut down the interest of her public debt. She'll put down rebellion, and all bread—And all willin' Ireland should needs. She's all that's honest, honorable and fair, And when the Vorties died they made her heir."

—*Corr. of N. Y. Tribune.*

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The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1865.

THE FUTURE OF OUR NATION.

The Oration delivered before the City Authorities of Boston, in Music Hall, by Rev. J. M. MAXWELL, on the 89th anniversary of Independence Day, was highly impressive and eloquent. Below is its peroration.

"Let it not be inferred, from the tenor of these remarks, that I see no peril in the future. What shall be the treatment of the disloyal, and what the basis of citizenship in the reconstructed States, are questions of grave concern.

Are we exhorted to be kind to the rebels? That appeal is needless. We shall be kind to them. Many of us have very tender reasons for treating them kindly. We always have been kind to them; erring on that side, and yielding to their unjust demands, until they inferred that we could not be aroused to maintain our rights. We may accept it as an axiom, that the people of the North cannot be cruel toward the leaders in the South. All our danger, then, is on the other side. Let us not give our nation occasion to say that we make a commodity of justice. Let not the offenders themselves be deeper sinners for fearing to vindicate the majesty of the republic. Will good citizens feel altogether safe, in our country, if it is to have admitted rebels roaming at large in all parts of it for a generation to come? Let us not be so kind to the disloyal as to be unkind to the loyal. Should not those in the South who have fought on our side be cared for before those who fought against us? Those who have been true to the government should be protected first. This is justice, whose claims are sacred. Nor is it magnanimity, but a crime which nature abhors, to cherish enemies who are outraging our friends. Shall we leave blacks in the power of the exasperated foe, knowing, as we do, that the savage spite which cannot touch us will be wreaked upon their unprotected heads? I shall believe that the revolt of the rebel angels has succeeded, and that Satan now sits on the throne of God, if such horrible treachery can go uncondemned of heaven. While the Savior of men was riding in triumph to Jerusalem, 'He beheld the city, and wept over it.' But those tears did not prevent Him from saying, 'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.' Imitating that divine act to-day, we raise our bitter cry over prostrate treason, even while we call on Justice to draw out her sharp sword. There is no malignity in our hearts, but a reverent prayer for the sovereignty of the nation may be magnified and made honorable. They would have it so. They trampled on our forbearance and warnings, and defied the power which should be a terror to evil-doers. Let justice be done without the least over-doing. Let their doom be reasonable that no wicked sympathy shall dare lift its head. Let them be put where no 'foreign correspondent' can glorify them; where no lying pens of their own can fill the world with histories of their treason disguised as patriotism, and of their attempt to nationalize barbarism pointed as a struggle for human liberty. Let them be so punished that their example can never prove contagious, and be buried where the bloodhounds of despotism can never scent their graves.

Two acts of the struggle for liberty in America are past; the third and consummating act is now upon us. The first act closed under Washington, when the colonies were acknowledged to be free and independent States; the second act closed under Lincoln, with the vindication of the sovereignty of the Union; the third act will close when equal rights are conceded to all men. God grant that the last act may not, like the first two, deluge the land with blood! May the evil tree be plucked up in the hour of its weakness, before its roots have undergrown and its branches overpread the Republic! The Emancipation Proclamation was not incidental to the war for the Union. Not in the purpose of man, but by the arrangement of God, it knocked off the chains of the slave. And it has done a negative, rather than a positive work. It has delivered the blacks from chattel slavery, but it has not introduced them into civil liberty. How this last act shall be achieved is the problem now forced upon the country. Our statesmen cannot evade it if they would; it is taxing their wisdom beyond any other question of the hour; and whoever solves it successfully will complete the grand American triumvirate. We could wish that the triumvirate, when full, might read—Washington, Lincoln, Johnson. Do any say that it is inconsistent to demand citizenship for the blacks in States now returning to the Union, while in many of the so-called free States only the whites are admitted to the ballot? But the people of these latter States have not rebelled. Security for the future may require of disloyal communities what should not be exacted of the loyal. Only those who have broken the peace are put under bonds to keep the peace. 'So the question of suffrage belongs to the States.' So it does, while they are in their normal condition. Perhaps the day of military necessity is over; but there is not a necessity of State quietude as pressing, which, if not yielded to, will ultimately become a military necessity. If you cannot do a righteous deed for its own sake, yet doing it to prevent war is better statesmanship than waiting for the war to come. A free government can be said to fulfill its purpose only when no class of persons under its law have wrongs to be redressed. Emancipation is but a mockery of the blacks, especially while among their late masters, if they be not admitted to citizenship. Perhaps it did not occur to Mr. Lincoln, perhaps he thought it unwise at the time, to make his Proclamation perfect by adding to it: 'And, that the promises herein contained may not prove illusory in the end, I do also proclaim, and cause to be published and proclaimed, that, in reconstructing the State governments now disorganized, the blacks shall be admitted to all the rights of freemen on the same conditions with the whites.' How much present anxiety would have been prevented by some such golden clause! But we will believe that the question is in safe hands. Surely the Congress, if made wise by the events of the past, will not guaranty a republican form of government to any State, while there is manifestly, in that State, a spirit hostile to the very principles of republicanism. To the loyalty, wisdom and patriotism of our statesmen we confide this grave concern. They alone can decide it peacefully; and may God have them in His holy keeping!

Anticipating the gradual solution of all remaining difficulties, in a manner which shall fulfill the hopes of a generous patriotism, I see, before our country, a future too grand for my feeble portrayal; a development of the resources of nature, a growth of manufactures, a commerce, civilization and Christianity, which shall be the glory of the New World and the wonder of the Old. No man standing at the sources of the Amazon can bring within the range of his vision all its mighty course from the mountains to the sea; its broad tributaries with their interlacing streams, its silent advance through primeval forests, and vaster sweep across luxuriant savannas; the sails of adventurers, and of scientific explorers, moving up its alluring mystery; the inexhaustible wealth of field and mine to which it is a natural highway; the current, so like an ocean, with which it proudly yields at last to the ocean's embrace. And so, standing to-day at the sources of this new stream in American history, we cannot foresee all its unfolding volume; its distant greatness, and grandeur, and majesty; the destinies, mortal and immortal, of both nations and individuals, which it will gather upon its ample bosom, and bear onward and onward into the unbounded hereafter. We can only lift up our overflowing hearts toward Him whose rock has brought the water out of the rock, and ask that He would direct its wonderful course; draining the richness of all the civilizations into it, and causing it to bless the ages through which it shall roll, until it mingles in that sea of latter-day glory, whose law is peace, and whose tides and waves are the pulsations of a perfect love."

Remember this. Remember us, who are ready to help in the task. And remember the plan of which the first line has been visibly written by European despots in Mexico.

Believe me, dear Mr. Fisher, ever faithfully yours,
JULY 7, 1865.

JOSEPH MAXWELL.

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ADDRESS ON THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Delivered at the request of the Rhode Island Union League, in the City Hall, Providence, June 1, 1865.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE UNION LEAGUE, AND CITIZENS OF RHODE ISLAND:

Not seven weeks have elapsed since the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the beloved and twice-elected President of the United States, was foisted upon the nation; yet, during that brief period, the awful intelligence has been conveyed to the civilized world, exciting universal sympathy and grief, such feelings of bereavement and heartfelt sympathy, such expressions of personal regard and warm appreciation, as have never been elicited by the death or martyrdom of any other human being. In our own country, not one of its multitudinous cities, towns or hamlets, without the pale of loyalty, that has not been draped with the emblems of woe, as though death had entered every household. The stoutest hearts have been made liquid as water—the strongest men have freely mingled their tears with those of women and children—and the nation has momentarily reeled at the blow. From twice two thousand presses; from three thousand pulpits; from the bench, the bar, the forum, the legislative hall, the exchange, the public platform, this terrible atrocity has evoked whatever of condemnation can be uttered by the human tongue, and whatever of eulogy of the character and career of our murdered Chief Magistrate may properly be said. The expressions of affection, reverence, gratitude and admiration, in view of the humble origin, remarkable traits, and sublime achievements of the deceased, have already been innumerable. Every phase of his private and public life has been luminously exhibited, every characteristic feature closely scanned, every act carefully tested. Nothing but the merest repetition, therefore, is left for any one who now takes up the theme, however brilliant may be his imagination, or masterly his analytical talent.

In England the demonstrations of an all-pervading grief and horror have been almost as numerous and signal as in our own land. From the parliament to the private club, from the palace to the cottage, from the pulpit and the press, such testimonials of condolence, regard and friendship have come forth as to obliterate all national divisions, and cause the two countries to blend together in one great sorrow, as though they were indeed one people. God grant that they may never meet each other in battle array, nor in any way seek each other's detriment! God grant that they may be so animated by the spirit of justice, good-will and international amity as ever to rejoice in the prosperity and advancement of each other, and be ready to adjust, without bloodshed or mean excuse, whatever difficulties may exist now or arise hereafter! Confusion and infamy attend the plotters at home and the factious abroad, who shall seek to bring them into deadly conflict, no matter on what pretence! For, however unsatisfactory has been the attitude of the British Government towards our own since the rebellion broke out, it has been far more unsatisfactory to the rebels as shown in regard to their last Confederate; and however base, malignant and unscrupulously partisan has been the London Times in hostility to the North and support of the South, it has not at any time represented the views and feelings of the people at large. If, during the long period that intervened before our Government evinced any disposition to grapple with slavery as the embodiment of the rebellion, and while the struggle on our part seemed to be only to restore the Union on the old slaveholding conditions, the English masses were comparatively unobservant towards us, we alone are to blame. At no time, however, have they sympathized with the rebels, or spoken an approving or apologetic word in their behalf. On the contrary, they have held public meetings in all parts of the kingdom, since the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued, and, through addresses, speeches and resolutions, denounced the infamous conduct of the Southern secessionists, and enthusiastically applauded President Lincoln and his administration. Their word of cheer to us is—

"The bluff, bold men of Bunyonside
Are with ye still in times like these;
The shades of England's mighty dead
Your word of witness!"

Press on!—the triumph shall be won
Of our rights and equal laws,
The glorious cause of freedom,
And Sidney's good old cause!

With such a people we are bound, by ten thousand ties, to keep the peace—and they with us. It is an evil and a bitter thing to say, that there are grievances between us that can be redressed only by an appeal to the sword. That is the language of passion and craft, of falsehood and demagoguery. Be assured, fellow-countrymen, inasmuch as the traitors of the South and their Northern sympathizers have been foisted in their nefarious efforts to permanently disrupt the Union, they will leave nothing undone, in order to glut their revenge, to involve this country in a foreign war, especially with England. Let the friends of freedom, on both sides of the Atlantic, be at least as vigilant and determined that no such machination shall succeed.

In France, and elsewhere, on the Continent, if not to the same extent, at least as deeply appreciative have been the manifestations of heartfelt sorrow and fraternal feeling, in view of the assassination of our lamented President. Every where the terrible meaning has been penetrated, its diabolical origin perceived, and the same righteous verdict rendered. The deed was intended to serve and perpetuate oppression in the United States; it shall mightily help to crush oppression in every land. It was meant to overturn free institutions on our own soil; it shall help to strengthen them at home, and propagate them abroad. It has quickened the march of liberty throughout the world. Of course, this grand result in no way mitigates the guilt of the assassin; it only furnishes a fresh illustration of the wonderful manner in which God causes the wrath of man to praise him—taking the cunning in their own craftiness, and carrying the counsels of the froward headlong.

Death, in itself, is not an evil, but a good; not a mysterious dispensation of Providence, but the operation of a natural law; not to be deplored as a calamity, but thankfully accepted as a blessing. It came to Mr. Lincoln in an unnatural and murderous form; but, happily, his translation was without conscious suffering; at least, from the moment the fatal bullet entered the brain till he ceased to breathe, he made no sign of recognition, and evidently experienced no pain.

In the midst of the convulsion occasioned by his fall, and the overwhelming emotions to which it has given birth, it is scarcely possible for the most careful and discriminating to pronounce his eulogy without a bias, or to assign to him the place he will permanently occupy in history. No man has ever been more unjustly assailed than himself. Now there is a generous disposition to extol him beyond measure. Undoubtedly he subjected himself, at times, to merited criticism and just rebuke, for he was fallible. Equally it is true that he deserves high praise, and is entitled to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. Nay, more—he has a claim upon the liberal regard of mankind; and it is already promptly acknowledged.

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Mr. Lincoln took the reins of government at a period of national disintegration through red-handed treason; when everywhere "men's hearts were failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that were coming upon the land"; when the flames of civil war had already made lurid the southern sky, and northern co-operative incendiaries were stealthily endeavoring to effect a universal conflagration; when the boldest held their breath, and the wisest confessed their inability, and the most far-seeing were in thick darkness; when every step was along the edge of a precipice, and the soil hot with volcanic fires; when the South was compact in rebellion, and the North so divided in allegiance as to make it extremely doubtful whether any reliable, dominant force could be found to uphold the Government; and when through perfidy, usurpation and robbery, not a dollar was left in the national treasury, every Northern arsenal had been emptied to supply the South with arms and the armaments of war, the army rendered powerless by its reduction, and a feeble army scattered to remote parts of the globe. In such appalling circumstances, what caution and sagacity, what deliberation as to ways and means, what balancing of chances and possibilities, what unquenchable hope and indomitable courage, what commanding qualities of head and heart were needed to so combine the popular elements and so secure the general approval as to save the republic, and place it on a foundation that could not be shaken! Abraham Lincoln was thus fortunately endowed, and, therefore, the rebellion is no more, and the Union made imperishable on the basis of universal liberty. Fortunate indeed was it that he was not a man of hot impulse on the one hand, nor a lover of arbitrary power on the other. The crisis demanded neither inflamed blood nor an iron one-man will, but absolute faith in the people, sound judgment, ready tact, abiding cheerfulness, inflexible perseverance, large common sense, strong powers of reasoning, incorruptible integrity, and unalloyed patriotism; and it found these attributes in him whose tragical death the civilized world is now commemorating by all possible expressions of grief and honor.

It is true, Mr. Lincoln was frequently subjected to the severest criticism and the most sweeping condemnation, from different motives, and for very different objects; but, whether the accusations came from one party or another, or whether they were well or ill meant, they were such as measurably to neutralize each other. Now he was accused of being mere drift-wood; without insight or decision; passively governed by the events of the hour; timidly following in the spirit of a trickster in policy; this hour mere eye in the hands of Blair, the next manipulated and controlled by Seward; "honest" enough, but utterly incompetent to fill a position of such trust; never born to be a commander, and too ignorant of the compass to be safely entrusted with the helm. Anon he was charged with usurping constitutional powers, striking down freedom of speech and of the press, tyrannically suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, willfully disregarding popular feeling and sentiment, and in other ways playing the dictator and deserving impeachment.

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Mr. Lincoln took the reins of government at a period of national disintegration through red-handed treason; when everywhere "men's hearts were failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that were coming upon the land"; when the flames of civil war had already made lurid the southern sky, and northern co-operative incendiaries were stealthily endeavoring to effect a universal conflagration; when the boldest held their breath, and the wisest confessed their inability, and the most far-seeing were in thick darkness; when every step was along the edge of a precipice, and the soil hot with volcanic fires; when the South was compact in rebellion, and the North so divided in allegiance as to make it extremely doubtful whether any reliable, dominant force could be found to uphold the Government; and when through perfidy, usurpation and robbery, not a dollar was left in the national treasury, every Northern arsenal had been emptied to supply the South with arms and the armaments of war, the army rendered powerless by its reduction, and a feeble army scattered to remote parts of the globe. In such appalling circumstances, what caution and sagacity, what deliberation as to ways and means, what balancing of chances and possibilities, what unquenchable hope and indomitable courage, what commanding qualities of head and heart were needed to so combine the popular elements and so secure the general approval as to save the republic, and place it on a foundation that could not be shaken! Abraham Lincoln was thus fortunately endowed, and, therefore, the rebellion is no more, and the Union made imperishable on the basis of universal liberty. Fortunate indeed was it that he was not a man of hot impulse on the one hand, nor a lover of arbitrary power on the other. The crisis demanded neither inflamed blood nor an iron one-man will, but absolute faith in the people, sound judgment, ready tact, abiding cheerfulness, inflexible perseverance, large common sense, strong powers of reasoning, incorruptible integrity, and unalloyed patriotism; and it found these attributes in him whose tragical death the civilized world is now commemorating by all possible expressions of grief and honor.

It is true, Mr. Lincoln was frequently subjected to the severest criticism and the most sweeping condemnation, from different motives, and for very different objects; but, whether the accusations came from one party or another, or whether they were well or ill meant, they were such as measurably to neutralize each other. Now he was accused of being mere drift-wood; without insight or decision; passively governed by the events of the hour; timidly following in the spirit of a trickster in policy; this hour mere eye in the hands of Blair, the next manipulated and controlled by Seward; "honest" enough, but utterly incompetent to fill a position of such trust; never born to be a commander, and too ignorant of the compass to be safely entrusted with the helm. Anon he was charged with usurping constitutional powers, striking down freedom of speech and of the press, tyrannically suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, willfully disregarding popular feeling and sentiment, and in other ways playing the dictator and deserving impeachment.

One thing is certain: whatever he was at the time of his assassination, he was after it. The murderous deed made him neither the better nor the worse as a man; but, thank God, he was a blessing. It came to Mr. Lincoln in an unnatural and murderous form; but, happily, his translation was without conscious suffering; at least, from the moment the fatal bullet entered the brain till he ceased to breathe, he made no sign of recognition, and evidently experienced no pain.

In the midst of the convulsion occasioned by his fall, and the overwhelming emotions to which it has given birth, it is scarcely possible for the most careful and discriminating to pronounce his eulogy without a bias, or to assign to him the place he will permanently occupy in history. No man has ever been more unjustly assailed than himself. Now there is a generous disposition to extol him beyond measure. Undoubtedly he subjected himself, at times, to merited criticism and just rebuke, for he was fallible. Equally it is true that he deserves high praise, and is entitled to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. Nay, more—he has a claim upon the liberal regard of mankind; and it is already promptly acknowledged.

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